

Dragon Wings

by Love is Nothing

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Summary: What happens when a young girl wakes up from a dream of dragons? And what do Hana's dreams mean? My first fanfiction, so be nice.

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I don't own. I only manipulate.

AN: Please feel free to point out any mistakes in your review. This is my first fanfiction, so please be nice. Enjoy!

The excitement was almost tangible in Old Home that day. Hana had found a new cocoon in one of the old storage rooms. The cocoon was almost completely hidden by boxes, the ones that hadn't been forced out of the way by the cocoon's rapid growth. All of the Haibane were rushing to prepare things for the soon-to-be-newborn, with the young feathers getting underfoot at every turn. Soon the younger Haibane were relegated to the classroom with the house mother, leaving the older ones to freely perform their individual tasks with as much speed as possible because the cocoon looked ready to hatch at any moment.

A young Haibane, called Hana, was left to clean up the storage room and watch the cocoon for signs that it was hatching. Carefully moving boxes to the storage rooms on either side, she slowly cleared the room. When she was done, it was still early in the morning, so she sat on a stool and watched the cocoon. Occasionally she talked to the Haibane inside. She hoped that she could help the newborn when it hatched. She didn't want anyone else to get that job, since it would be the only job they might let her do. Old enough to be considered one of the older feathers, but not old enough to have a job. With these thoughts in mind, she slowly drifted off to sleep, leaning against the wall.

The afternoon sun in her eyes woke her with a start. Had she really slept that long? Last she could remember it had been morning, maybe an hour after breakfast. She was grateful in a way; it was her first

real rest in a few weeks. She stared at the cocoon, remembering the dream that had plagued her for the past few weeks, barely letting her get enough sleep.

_ She was sitting in a field of flowers. Flowers of every kind imaginable were surrounding her, making her feel warm and safe. She got up, and saw her friends Rakka, Hikari, Nemu, and Kana standing in a circle, staring at something on the ground. Curious, she got up and walked over, watching where she stepped so as to not kill any flowers. When she reached the circle, she looked down and froze. Lying curled up on the ground was a newborn Haibane girl, covered with blood and barely breathing. Worse, everything her blood touched died. And there seemed to be no end to her blood. As the flowers were slowly killed, Hana could feel herself becoming weaker and weaker, until— _she was left alone in the darkness of her own room, afraid to go back to sleep in case she witness the horror of her dream again.

She shivered, recalling her dream, rubbing her arms to rub away the memory. She didn't want everyone to wither away like the flowers. She mentally kicked herself. _It's just a dream. Nothing like that could really happen. I just need more sleep._ She decided to go down to the guest room to help with dinner. Someone else could watch the cocoon while she ate. She was hungry. As she left the room and closed the door, she realized that she had slept through lunch.

Hana stared at the cocoon in amazement. A full week after it was found, and it still hadn't hatched. It hadn't changed, or grown over the past week, yet the occupant was apparently not ready to emerge yet. She sat on her usual stool, waiting until lunch when her shift would be over. Hana reached into the bag she brought and took out a book. If she was going to be stuck in this room, she figured she might as well keep up with her reading. She loved books, almost as much as she loved flowers. She was even considering working with Nemu at the library when she was a little older.

After reading for a while, she put the book down with a feeling of apprehension. Not from the book. That had been a happy story. She couldn't understand it. While puzzling the strange feeling out, she heard a scratching sound. She looked at the cocoon. What she saw made her scream.

"Hana! Hana wake up!"

"Wha..." Hana opened her eyes, and realized she had been dreaming. "What happened," she asked, rubbing her eyes.

Rakka just stared at her. "I was hoping you could tell me. I heard a scream, and found you screaming and thrashing in your sleep. Was it another bad dream?" Rakka rubbed Hana's hair, waiting for an answer.

Hana just stared at the brown-haired Haibane in front of her. "Bad dream? Yes, I guess it was. It's just that, well, I don't usually have bad dreams during the day." She looked sheepishly at her feet as she spoke. She was supposed to be watching the cocoon, not sleeping.

Rakka put a hand on the younger girl's shoulder. "What happened in your dream?"

"I...I..." Hana stammered, shivering suddenly in the warm room. "The cocoon, I heard some scratching sounds coming from it, and when I looked, it..." She stopped speaking, and buried her face in Rakka's dress. A few seconds later, she was sobbing. Through her sobs, she managed to choke out the rest of the story. "It started sob turning red sob like...like sob..."

"Like what, Hana?" Rakka asked, rubbing the younger girl's back reassuringly. Hana's response was so muffled by her sobs and Rakka's dress that Rakka couldn't understand clearly. "Did you say, that the cocoon in your dream started turning into blood?" She looked at the sobbing Hana in confusion.

"No, it didn't turn into blood, it turned red like blood." Hana stood up, wiping her eyes. "Its just so scary because it reminded me of the nightmare I keep having."

"Want me to take over for a while?"

"Please. I don't think I could stand to be in here alone right now." Hana picked up her book and her bag. "I'm going to make myself an early lunch. Want me to bring you up some tea Rakka?"

"Thank you Hana." Rakka smiled at the younger girl. After Hana left, Rakka let her gaze rest on the unhatched cocoon, a worried frown forming on her face. _Why? Already a week has passed and it hasn't hatched. Why? _

Hana was sitting on the balcony, watching the crows as they flew to their mysterious destination beyond the walls. _They're so amazing. Why does Kana hate them so much? The only ones permitted beyond the walls..._

"Hello Hana. What are you thinking about?" Hana's thoughts were interrupted by Nemu calling her from the kitchen. "I'm about to make lunch. Do you want to help?"

Hana slowly tore her gaze from the avian forms in the sky. "Sure, I'll help. What are you going to make?" Hana moved towards the kitchen, intent on burying herself in household chores.

She didn't know where she was. Looking at her surroundings only offered the view of some sort of green liquid. A liquid that somehow she was breathing..._No, don't think about that. Just be grateful..._ Still, she doubted that she was actually awake. _Probably another one of those weird dreams I keep having. If I go "back to sleep", maybe they will stop._ Slowly, not quite believing what she told herself, she closed her eyes and began to dream again.

Cold. That was the first thing she noticed. She was unbelievably cold. Snow was falling and she was wearing her pajamas. _Not quite the smartest thing I could have done..._ She grimaced at the thought. At the time, she had only been concentrating on getting away, away from...where? She couldn't remember. She was forgetting. She knew that she had previously had this dream before, and that she used to be able to remember. _Why? Why am I forgetting? _She started going numb. _Strange. This never happened before..._ Her vision was growing fuzzy. It was getting harder for her to move, harder to lift her hand to wipe the snow off of her face. Peering through the trees around her, she could faintly make out a serpentine shape, a small

blue-green serpentine shape with wings folded along its back. _Is that...a dragon?_ Then, she woke up.

_ Not this again..._ She was back, drifting in the green liquid, breathing it. She sighed, as well as she could while submerged. _Might as well look around, since I keep waking up here._ She slowly half-swam, half-floated around, looking for anything. Finally, her hand bumped up against a wall covered with a plushy layer of some substance. She put her ear to the wall, attempting to tell if there was anybody outside of her prison. Hearing the buzz of indistinguishable, distant voices, she started to claw at the substance lining the wall of her prison.

Hana stared at the cocoon in horror. She wasn't dreaming, but she could hear the scratching sound from her dream. Creeping closer, she put her ear against the cocoon and listened. She could hear someone in the cocoon, trying to get out. She started backing slowly away, then stopped. She decided that she wanted to care for this newborn all on her own. She wouldn't tell the others until after she was born. Hana sat down and waited until the newborn broke through the shell of the cocoon.

_ This is harder than I thought._ She was still clawing at the walls of her prison, attempting to get out. She knew there were peopleâ€”at least, there was a personâ€”on the other side of these walls that were keeping her in. She started pounding on the walls, kicking them, beating up on them anyway she could. Suddenly, the walls gave way, sending her and a very large quantity of fluid into the small storeroom, effectively soaking the one other person in the room with her. She laid on the floor, staring up at the young looking girl in the worn clothes and..._Halo? Wings? Where AM I? _The winged girl walked over to her.

"Don't be afraid. I'll take care of you," she said. Then the newborn passed out.

The first things she heard were voices. Fuzzy voices, all talking at once, whispering to each other. She stirred. Wiping her eyes, and was about to tell the voices to be quiet when she actually saw who was talking. The five girls standing and sitting in a half-circle around the bed she was in looked at her, and began again to talk all at once. They stopped just as suddenly as they had started seeing her confused look. A brown haired girl started speaking to her.

"Hello. I'm glad that you're up. I'm Rakka. Welcome to Glie."

"Glie? Where is that? Is that where I am? I don't remember..." The girl on the bed slowly rolled over onto her side and sat up. "Who are all of you anyway?" She looked at each girl in turn, staring the longest at the smallest of the winged girls. "And what are you? What's with the wings and halos?"

The girl on her right, Rakka, smiled. "We are Haibane. The wings and halos mark us as Haibane. Your wings will grow soon and you will receive a halo. Do you remember your dream? The dream you had in the cocoon?"

"Yes. Why? Is it important?" She blinked. Why would anyone want to know about her dreams? Shouldn't they be more concerned about who she was?

"Yes, your dream is very important. It is how we are named. Haibane are born and they cannot remember anything of their past lives. My name, Rakka, it means falling. I had a dream that I was falling from someplace very high. Now, what was your dream about?"

"I was walking, through a forest. It was snowing, and I was so cold. Just before I woke up, I saw..." she stopped, embarrassed. Dragons didn't exist, so why should she dream about one.

Rakka smiled reassuringly. "Go on. Nothing to be embarrassed about."

The girl smiled. "I saw a dragon. A blue-green dragon." The other girls stared at her, thinking. The blond girl with the glasses spoke up first.

"I suppose that you could be called Yuki, because of the snow you were walking through." The girl with short brown hair, dressed in a one-piece work uniform spoke up next.

"No, she shouldn't. The snow wasn't the important part. The dragon was. So, what should we call her?"

Rakka spoke up again. "How about Kaida, for little dragon? Does that sound alright?"

The girl smiled brightly. "I love it!"

2. Chapter 2

Kaida woke up the next morning feeling ill, like she had a fever. She felt fine yesterday; she didn't think she should be sick so fast. It hurt to lie on her back, so she turned over and buried her face in the pillow and groaned.

"Don't you feel well?" Kaida looked over her shoulder at the girl Haibane who was speaking to her. She shook her head, not feeling up to speaking. She really wasn't much of a morning person. "Don't worry. Everyone gets a little ill right before their wings grow. It's normal." The Haibane, Rakka, put some dishes down on the bedside table, the dishes clinking against each other. "Have some tea. It'll make you feel better, or at least wake you up."

Kaida nodded and sat up with some difficulty. She felt stiff and achy. She accepted the cup of tea Rakka offered her and drank a large mouthful.

Hana was impatient and annoyed. She was supposed to be the one taking care of the newborn Kaida. Not Rakka or the others. She, Hana, was supposed to. But the second that she told the older Haibane that the cocoon had hatched, they snatched Kaida away and wouldn't let her in the room. Or at least that's what it felt like to her, as the older ones kept sending her on pointless errands. First, they had her take out the trash and then help the housemother with the young feathers. Then they just had to send her to get clothes for Kaida and to get some food from the market in town. Pointless, especially since she didn't know what size Kaida was or even what she liked and she had forgotten to ask for a grocery list. But she didn't feel like going

back and finding out the information she needed. She wondered if they were doing it on purpose as she walked down the dirt path leading to the town.

Hana had only seen Kaida right after she woke up and they named her, then she had fallen asleep again. She wanted to be there when she woke up again to tell her all about the town and being a Haibane. She amused herself for a long stretch of road with imagined conversations between her and Kaida. Hana smiled, starting to skip down the path. Her daydreams abruptly ended when she tripped on a rock in the road, falling flat on her face. She sat up sighing, no longer happy, but back to her previous, rather annoyed state of mind. Hearing a quiet grinding noise, Hana realized where she had landed: at the base of the hill with the windmills. She watched the windmills spinning blades for a moment. She knew that one of the older Haibane, who had already left, used to sit on the hills with the windmills for most of the day, but she didn't really remember her, just the fact that her name was Kuu.

After a while, Hanna turned back to the path and started walking towards the town again. No time for moping, time for some shopping, she thought. Even though she was still annoyed, she had to admit that she really enjoyed shopping.

When Hana arrived at the used clothes store, she had no idea what to get. Instead of trying to guess, she just wandered around in the store. Occasionally she stopped to look at a piece of clothing, a hat, or a pair of shoes. When she finally reached the last shelf in the back of the store, she was ready to give up and leave. She hadn't found anything that she thought would look good on Kaida, or that would look good and possibly still fit her. She sighed and turned to go, but something on the bottom shelf caught her eye. Hana bent down to pick it up. It was a dark red Chinese-style shirt with a blue dragon embroidered on it. Remembering Kaida's dream, she thought it would be appropriate for the young Haibane. She bought the shirt and mused on what Kaida's reaction to it would be as she walked back to Old Home.

When Hana arrived home, the scene in the guest room was quite different than she had imagined it to be. She thought that at least a few people would be in the kitchen, as it was nearing lunchtime. But everyone was sitting at the table wearing worried or confused expressions, occasionally taking a sip of what looked like cold tea.

Hana stopped in the doorway in shock. The scene was just so unlike what she thought it would be and it left her momentarily stunned. "What happened? What's wrong?" she asked.

For a moment, no one noticed that she had said anything. Eventually Nemu looked up at Hana and said, "Oh, good. You're finally home."

"Finally? I've only been gone for about an hour. What's wrong?"

"Well, now that you're home, do you want some lunch? And did you get all the groceries?" Nemu continued, ignoring Hana.

"You never gave me a grocery list. You just kicked me out. And now

you won't tell me what's wrong."

"Oh, sorry about that. You can just go get the groceries after lunch then." Nemu said, walking towards the kitchen. "And about what's wrong, well, why don't we wait until after lunch."

"Why can't you tell me now? Is Kaida alright?"

Nemu stopped and sighed. "Maybe you should see for yourself. It's strange, we don't know what happened." She started walking to the guest room. When she and Hana arrived, Nemu opened the door, but didn't go in. "As far as we can tell, Kaida is fine." Hana looked in the room. Kaida was asleep on the bed, her blue/black dragon wings tucked close to her back.

End
file.